I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse. *Enter* Iago *and* Emillia.
Iag. What is your pleasure Madam?
How i'st with you?
Des. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
Des. Am I that name *Iago*?
Iag. What name faire Lady?
Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know, I am sure I am none such.
Iag. Do not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.
Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuilde this slander, Ile be hang'd else.
Iag. Fie, there is no such man it is impossible.
Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.